

GOLD  
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

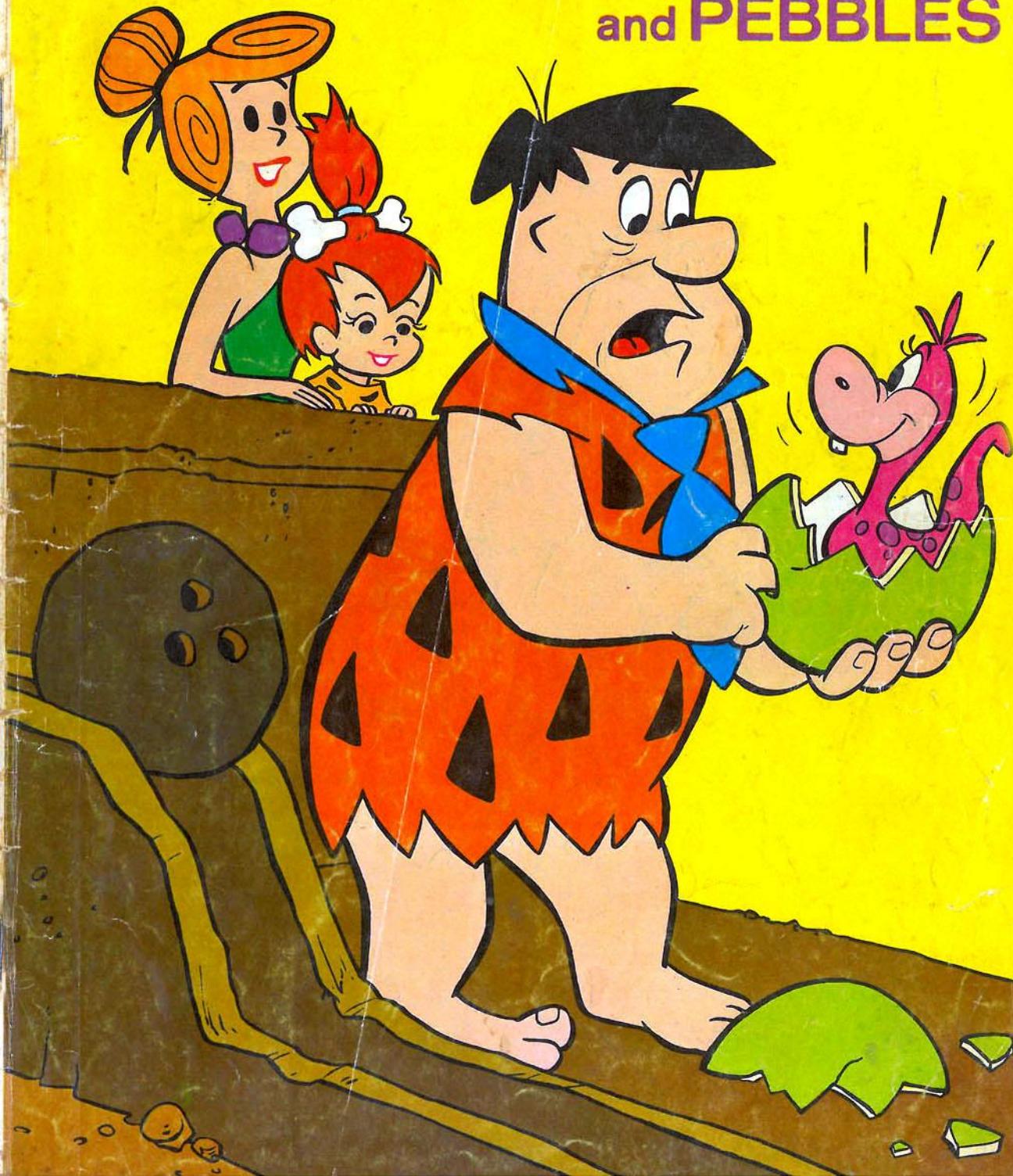
15c

HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES  
and PEBBLES

10006-004  
APRIL

MAR 16



Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES

# STONEAGE DROP-OUTS

YOUR YARD MAKES THE CITY DUMP LOOK LIKE AN ULTRA-SHOWROOM, BARNEY!

TSK, TSK, FRED... MOST OF THIS STUFF THAT YOU'RE SNEERING AT IS YOUR OWN STUFF... THAT I'VE BORROWED OVER THE YEARS!

WITH YOU FOR A NEIGHBOR A GUY DOESN'T NEED WARS AND NATIONAL DISASTERS!

I AM ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN, FRED!

BARNEY, SOMETIMES I WISH YOU'D JUST EVAPORATE OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH!

YOU'D HATE YOURSELF IF I DID EVAPORATE, FRED... YOU REALLY LOVE ME!

OH, BAH! DRY UP!

10005-004  
FLINTSTONES 57-102

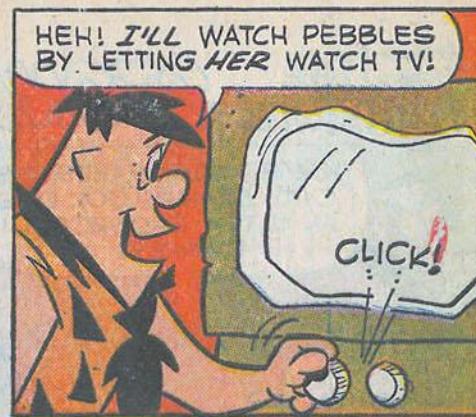
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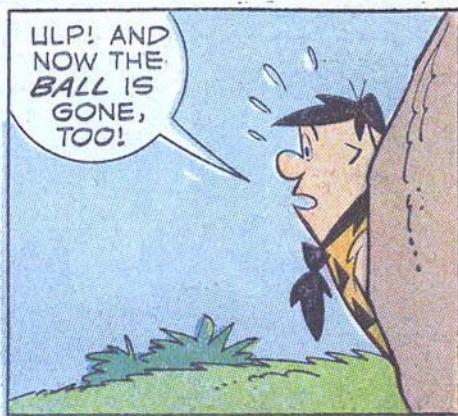
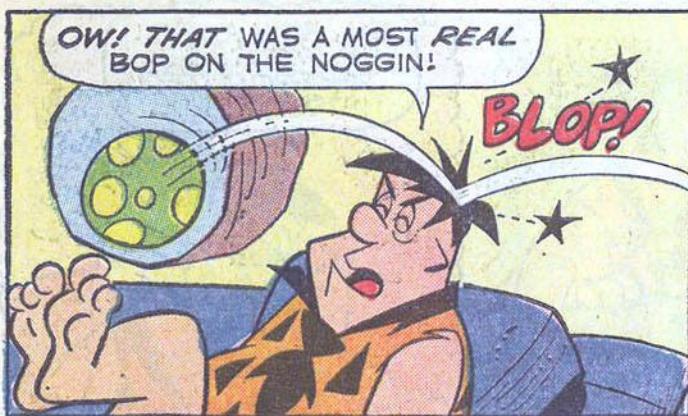
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LET'S SEE...WHAT  
CAN I FIND ON THE  
YELLOW TABLET?

AHA!

**PERRY GUNNITE**  
MASTER  
DETECTIVE!  
ALSO TRACER  
OF MISSING  
PERSONS

AND SO... MISSING NEIGHBOR, MISSING  
HOUSE, MISSING BALL, AND  
MISSING BABY? DEAR ME! YOU  
DO HAVE PROBLEMS!

I LOVE THE  
CHALLENGE  
OF A BIG  
MYSTERY!

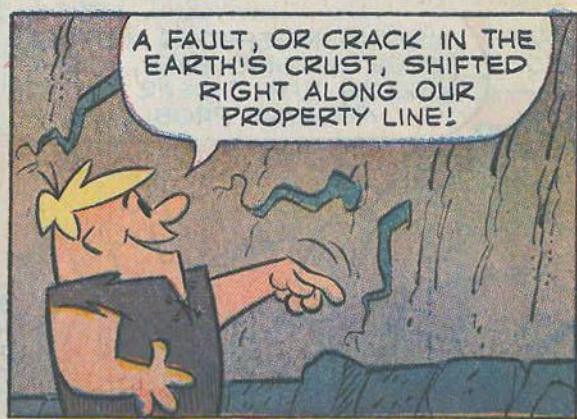
MOMENTS  
LATER...

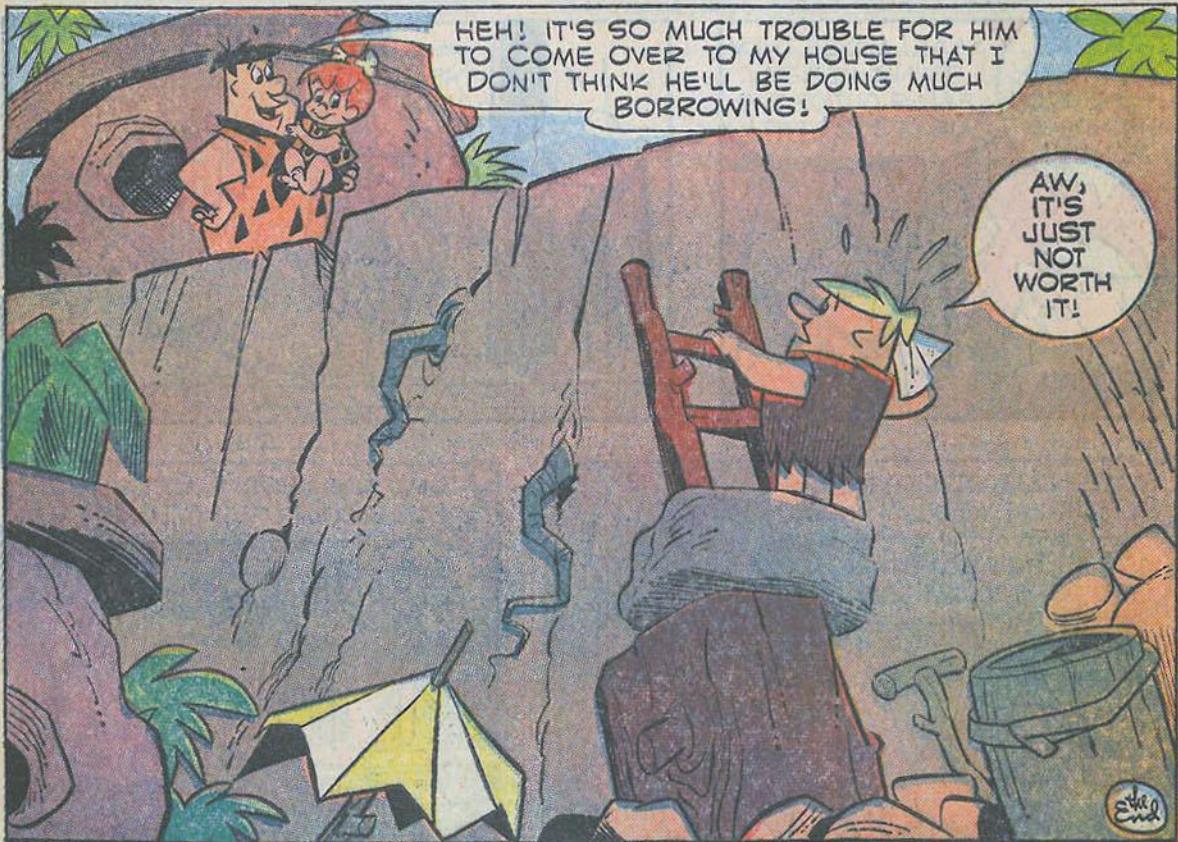
HMM...  
HMM...

THEY ALL EVAPORATED  
RIGHT OUT BACK HERE,  
MR. GUNNITE!

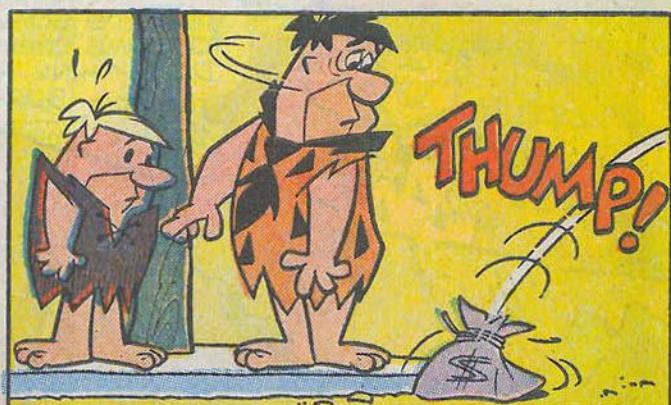
BUT NOBODY DISAPPEARS  
WITHOUT LEAVING CLUES,  
MY DEAR CLIENT!

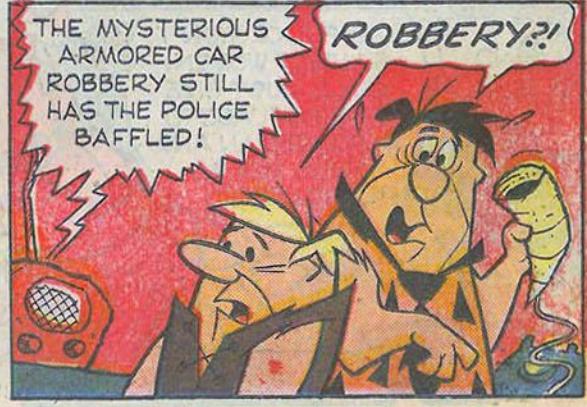
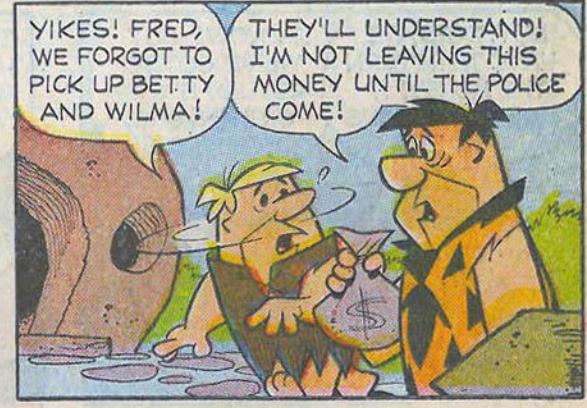
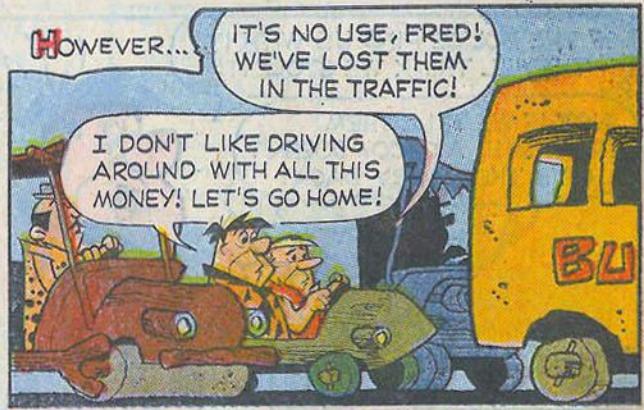
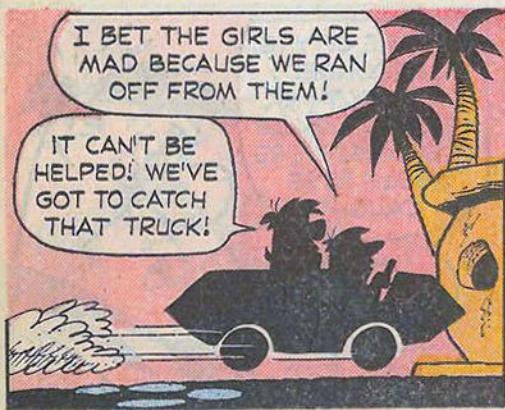
AND CLUES I SHALL  
FIND IF...OOPS!

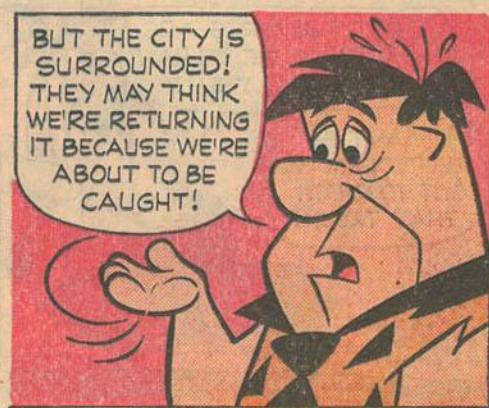


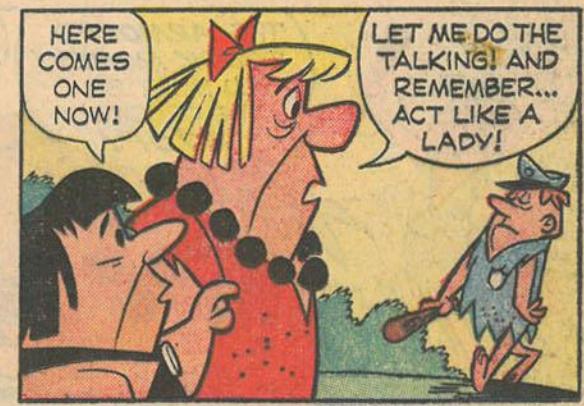
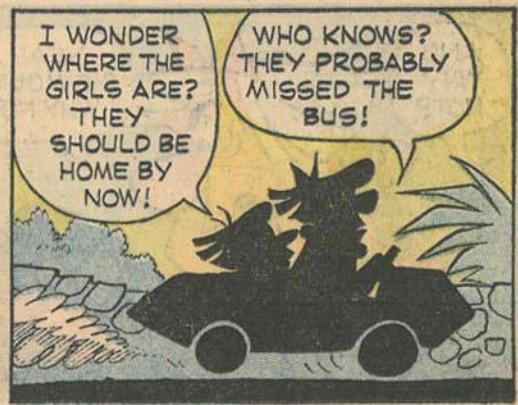


# MONEY MATTERS...A LOT

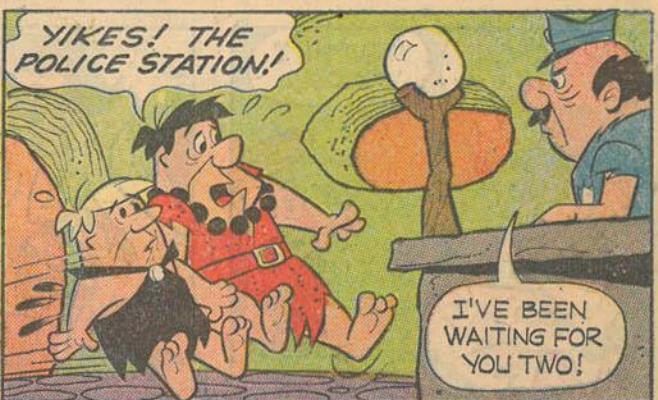


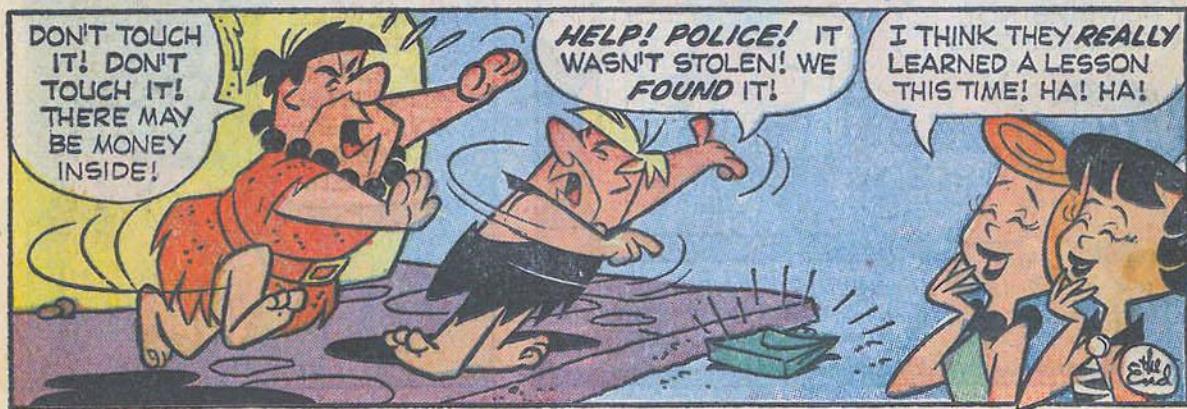
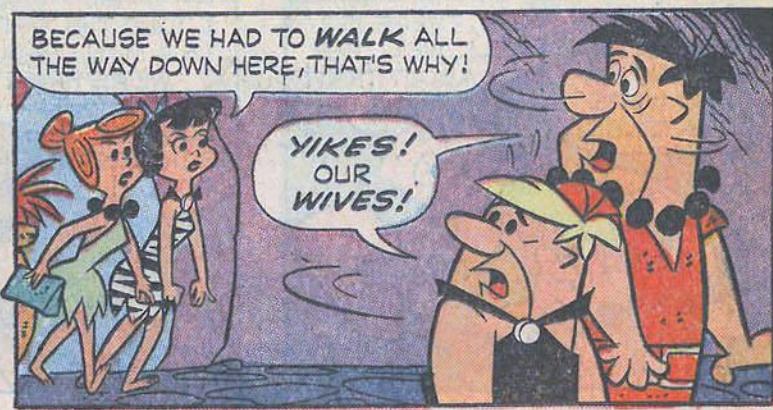
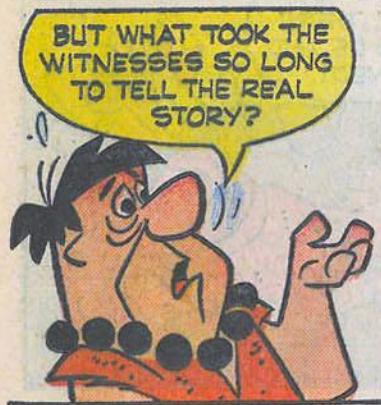












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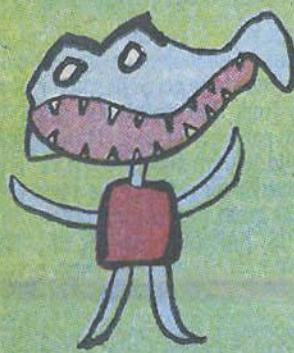
# Reader's Page

## MONSTERS

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

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### FISH MAN

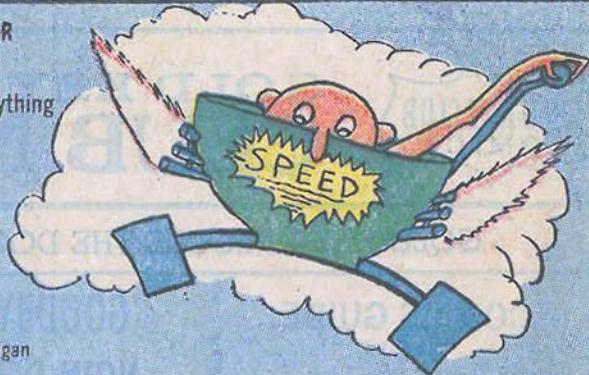


Likes to eat fish but doesn't like fish to eat him.

Loren Brown  
Eureka, California

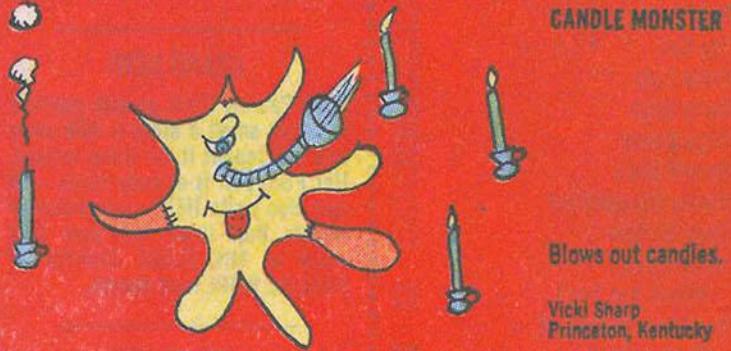
### SPEED MONSTER

Speeds over anything in his way.



Phil Jingozian  
Schoolcraft, Michigan

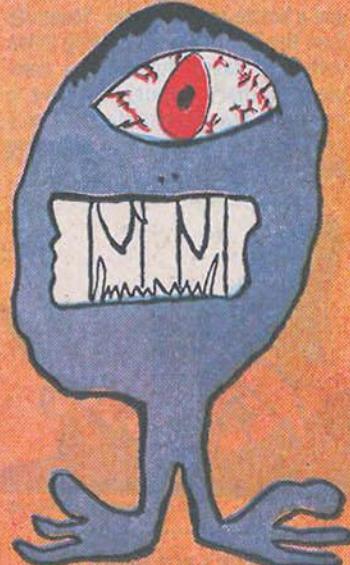
### CANDLE MONSTER



Blows out candles.

Vicki Sharp  
Princeton, Kentucky

### TOOTH MONSTER



Instead of brushing his teeth, he eats the toothbrush.

Dan Hultquist  
Longview, Washington

### BAT MONSTER



Hits a home run every time.

Sam Seastone  
Potomac, Maryland

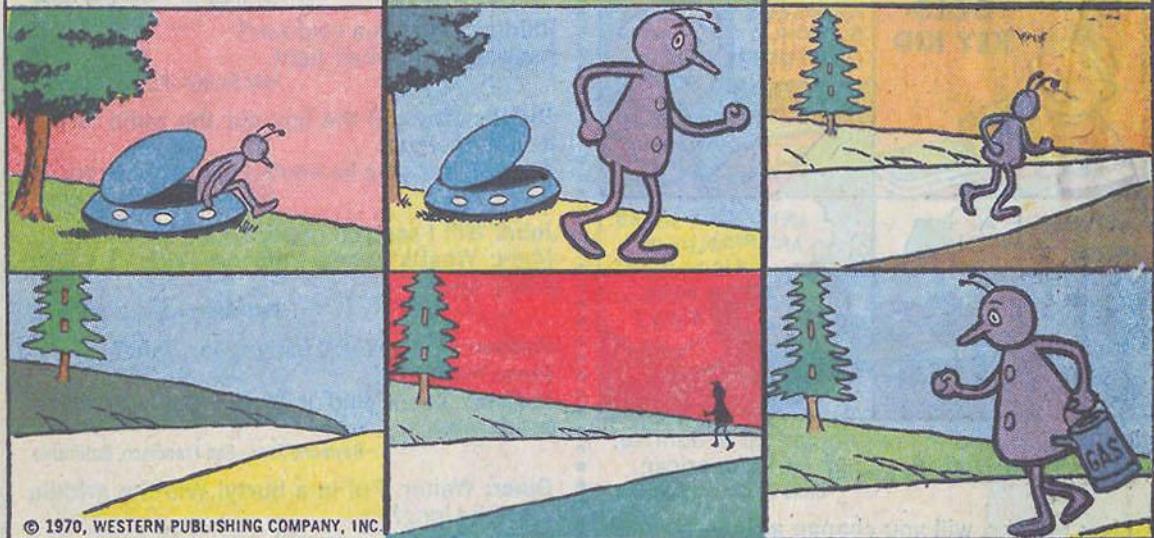
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# JOKES ON YOU



**Riddle:** Why did the pilgrim get up at sunrise?  
**Answer:** Because he was an early American.

Billie Smith—Mexia, Texas

**Lisa:** Mother, will you change a dime for me?  
**Mother:** Of course.

**Lisa:** Then change it into a quarter.

Sue Andrews—Adana, Turkey

**Riddle:** What vegetable do you find in crowded streetcars and buses?

**Answer:** Squash.

Debbie Jones—Willowick, Ohio

**Son:** Dad, can you write in the dark?

**Dad:** Yes — why?

**Son:** Then turn off the light and sign my report card.

Charles Capuccio—New York, New York

**Riddle:** What do girl ghosts put in their hair?  
**Answer:** Booboo pins.

William E. Moore—Northport, Alabama

**Riddle:** Which is the left side of an apple pie?  
**Answer:** The part that has not been eaten.

Margie Walz—Opa Locka, Florida

**Riddle:** What did the fire say when it melted the candle?

**Answer:** Excuse me, I'm a little overheated.

Jean Drake—Las Vegas, Nevada

**Riddle:** What's a cross between a dog and a chicken?

**Answer:** A poached egg.

Brenda Eatman—Cleveland, Ohio

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**Karen:** Why are you running so fast?

**Teresa:** Because I don't know how to run slow.  
Karen L. Paul—Banning, California

**Jimmy:** Did you hear about the hen that swallowed the yo-yo?

**Jack:** What happened?

**Jimmy:** She laid the same egg three times.  
Ruth Ann Wiggins—Harlingen, Texas

**Riddles:** What is a cold war?

**Answer:** A snowball fight.

Jody Swartz—Pueblo, Colorado

**Riddle:** Why did the boy put the radio in the jack-in-the-box?

**Answer:** Because he wanted to hear pop music.  
Mike Roam—Denver, Colorado

**John:** Will I see you pretty soon?

**Mary:** What's wrong with me — don't I look pretty now?

Patti Brown—Honolulu, Hawaii

**Mother:** What are you looking for, Jane?

**Jane:** Nothing.

**Mother:** You'll find it in the box where the candy was.

Raymond Tom—San Francisco, California

**Diner:** Waiter, I'm in a hurry! Will the griddle cakes be long?

**Waiter:** No, sir — round!

Judy Wilner—Long Island City, New York

**Riddle:** Why does lightning shock people?

**Answer:** Because it doesn't know how to conduct itself.

Linda Hickey—Chicago, Illinois

**Riddle:** What is the end of everything?

**Answer:** The letter g.

Garnee Myhre—Baker, Montana

**Tom:** Did you hear the rope joke?

**Dick:** No.

**Tom:** Skip it.

Mark Kosminskas—Chicago, Illinois

**Riddle:** Where is a sick boat brought?

**Answer:** To the dock (doc).

Leean Auger—Manchester, New Hampshire

**Will:** Why do you comb your hair before you go to bed?

**Phil:** To make a good impression on the pillow.

Gerald Watkins—Danville, Kentucky

**Customer:** Can I put this wallpaper on myself?

**Salesman:** Certainly, but it would look better on the wall.

Joan Williams—N. Abington, Massachusetts

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Harvee Barbera MR. & MRS. J. EVIL SCIENTIST

# A VISIT FROM GRANNY

DARLING !  
WHAT'S THE  
MATTER ? YOU  
LOOK ILL !

I'M NOT NOW... BUT I WILL BE...  
IN FACT, WE ALL WILL BE SOON !

REPRINTED  
BY POPULAR  
DEMAND

CROAK !

I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND !

I JUST GOT THIS LETTER  
FROM YOUR GRANDMOTHER !  
SHE'S COMING DOWN FROM  
THE MOUNTAINS TO VISIT  
US FOR A WEEK !

AND YOU KNOW  
SHE ALWAYS DOES  
THE COOKING  
WHILE SHE'S HERE !  
(MOAN !)

OH, NO ! DEAR  
OLD GRANNY  
IS THE BLACK  
SHEEP OF THE  
FAMILY... AND  
HER COOKING  
IS AWFUL !  
UGH !

SCREEECHHHH !!

THERE'S THE  
DOORBELL !  
THAT MUST  
BE GRANNY  
NOW !

I GUESS  
I'LL HAVE TO  
ANSWER IT !

CROAK !  
CROAK !

HELLO,  
GRANNY...  
ER... SO  
GLAD YOU  
COULD  
COME !

HAVEN'T TIME TO  
TALK NOW... I  
BROUGHT YOU SOME  
VITTLES I WANT  
TO COOK UP !

ZOOM !





'OH GOODY! THE PLAN IS WORKING...  
GRANNY IS FOLLOWING DADDY! HE'LL  
TAKE HER TO THE TRAIN!



HURRY,  
GRANNY,  
HURRY!

AH! THERE'S MY SHOOTIN'  
IRON AT THE BOTTOM  
OF THE STAIRS!



DON'T FRET, GRANDSON! I'LL SAVE YOU!

I'LL CHASE THEM ALL THROUGH THE  
HOUSE IF I HAVE TO!

NO! GRANNY COME  
BACK! YOU'RE RUINING  
MY BEAUTIFUL HOUSE!



BANG!  
BANG!  
BANG!

CRASH!

YIPPEE! LOOKIT THOSE CRITTERS  
RUN FER THE HILLS!

AND WHEN THE SHOOTING STOPS...

WELL, MAYBE WE DIDN'T SCARE  
GRANNY AWAY... BUT SHE SHOT  
UP THE STOVE SO BADLY THAT  
SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO COOK  
WHILE SHE'S HERE!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE BROKEN  
STOVE... I BROUGHT ALONG ENOUGH  
CANNED PICKLED CROW'S  
FEET TO LAST US A YEAR!

LITTLE MONSTERS! WAIT FOR US!

NOW WHERE ARE THEY  
ALL RUNNIN' TO?

CROAK!  
CROAK!



END

# GETTING the BUSINESS



Perry Gunnite was bored. "What a dull day!" he yawned. "No mysteries to unravel... no crimes to solve! Not even a teensy problem to unproblem!"

Perry, you see, is a Private Detective, or Private Investigator, otherwise known as a Private Eye... well, let's face it... he's just a Plain Snooper.

Anyway, the snoop... er, investigating business was slow. For some reason, nobody had any problems. Or at least, if they did, they weren't calling Perry for help.

Indeed, there was a half-inch of dust on the telephone. As Perry gloomily dusted it off, he got an idea. "Why should I wait for people to call me?" he thought. "I'll go and look for business myself!"

So, he locked his office and started down the street. It wasn't long before he met a little girl who was crying loudly.

"What's the matter?" asked Perry.

"My dime! It's gone!" she sobbed.

"You mean someone stole it?" asked Perry hopefully. Even though it looked like a rather small case to work on, it seemed better than nothing.

"Oh, no!" the girl replied. "I dropped it down that drain in the street! And I was supposed to buy a doughnut for my daddy! He'll be very angry if I've lost it!"

"The drain... hmmm," Perry said, looking at the heavy iron grating which had to be lifted up in order to get at things — like dimes — which might have fallen through.

He peered down through the grating, but he couldn't see the dime. There was a pool of water at the bottom, left over from a recent rain. In all probability, the dime was down there under the water.

Always willing to help a lady in distress, Perry reassured her. "Don't worry," he said. "I'll get your dime in a jiffy!" Grasping the heavy grating, with many a grunt, groan and puff, he managed to lift it up so he could crawl down underneath. But as he got ready to lower himself, his foot slipped on the edge and he fell into the water below, making a huge splash! Luckily, it wasn't very deep, but as he crawled out dripping wet, he wasn't in any mood to go down again in search of a dime!

"Did you find my money?" the girl asked. "No, I'm sorry," replied Perry, wiping the water from his face.

"But what on earth will I tell my daddy?" cried the little girl.

If there is anything Perry can't stand, it's a girl crying. "Don't worry," he replied, "I have the answer!" With that, he dug into his own pocket, pulled out a dime, and gave it to the little girl.

"Oh, thank you, mister!" she said, as she took the dime and ran off.

"AHCHOO!" said Perry. He had meant to say, "You're welcome!" but his feet were soaking wet, and he was well on the way to catching a cold.

Perry stood for a moment, watching the happy girl run down the street. Then he turned with a sniffle and walked back to his office. When he entered, the phone was ringing, but he just let it ring. It was probably someone with a job for him, but he'd had enough for one day.

"AHCHOO!" he sneezed. "Just a few minutes ago I was bored, and looking for a job. But instead of catching a criminal, all I caught was a cold, and it cost me a hard-earned dime to boot!" he grumbled. "Some days it doesn't even pay to try!"



THE FLINTSTONES



THE FLINTSTONES



THE FLINTSTONES



THE FLINTSTONES



Hanna-Barbera THE FLINTSTONES

# FRED'S SECOND CHILDHOOD

WILMA! HOW  
COULD YOU?

GIVE TO  
DADDY,  
PEBBLES!

REPRINTED  
BY POPULAR DEMAND

RATTLE!  
RATTLE!

GOO!  
GOO!

FRED  
FLINTSTONE,  
YOU SCARED  
ME TO PIECES!  
WHAT IS IT?

THIS!

HOW COULD YOU  
ALLOW OUR CHILD  
TO PLAY WITH SUCH  
A DANGEROUS  
WEAPON?

DANGEROUS?

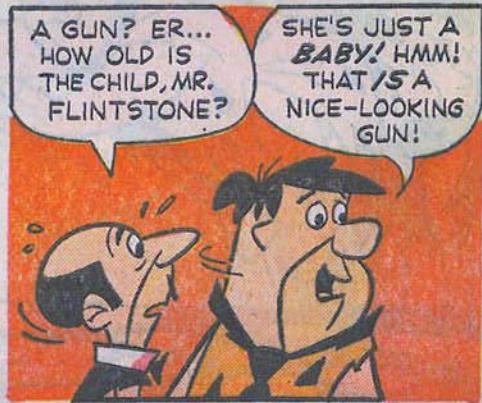
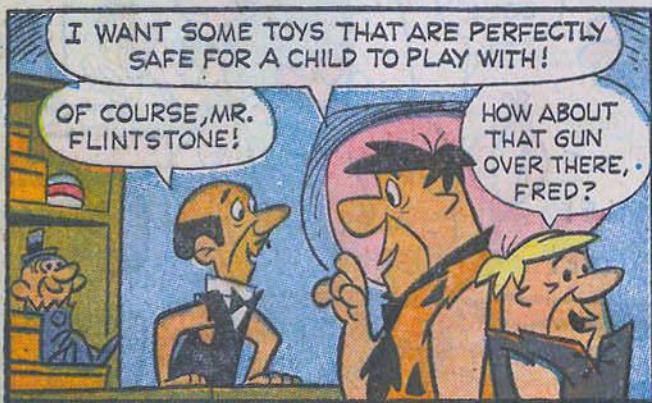
YES, DANGEROUS!  
WHY, SHE COULD  
HIT HERSELF ON  
THE HEAD!

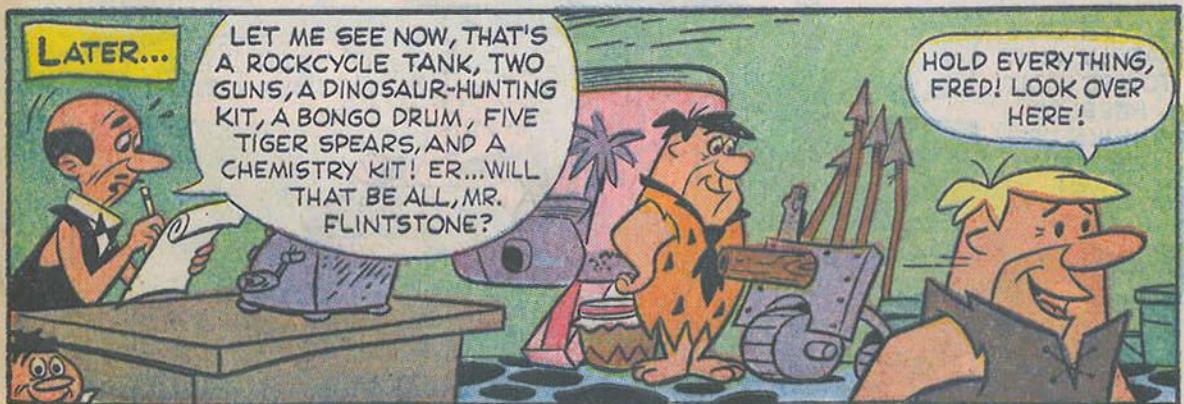
OH, HONESTLY!

Soon...

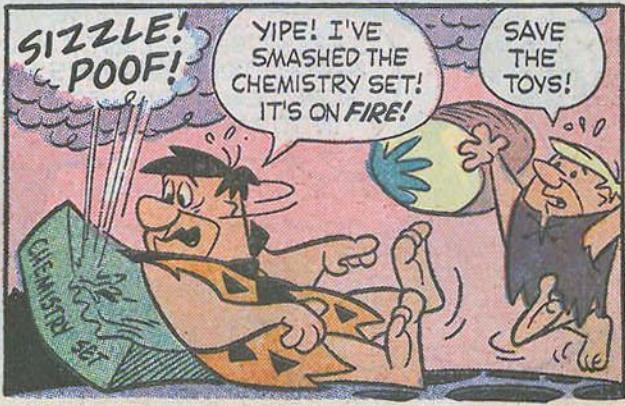
I TELL YOU, BARNEY, FATHERS  
CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL WHAT  
THEY ALLOW THEIR CHILDREN  
TO PLAY WITH! I'M GOING TO  
THE TOY STORE TO PICK OUT  
SOME SAFE TOYS!

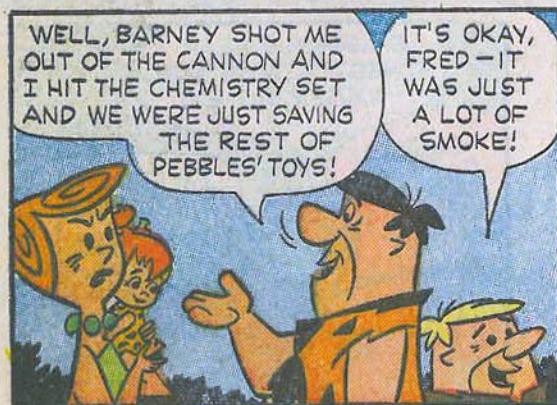
SOUNDS LIKE  
FUN! I'LL  
JOIN YOU!













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Letter M

Pamela Boyer  
Honolulu, Hawaii



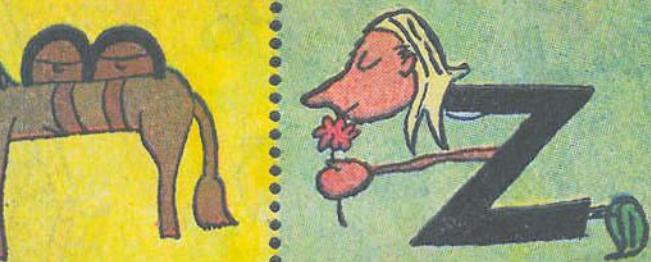
Letter B

Mike Heaton  
Mosas Lake, Washington



Numbers 3, 5

Jean Turner  
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada



Letter Z

Melvin Petty  
Jamaica, New York



Letter Q

Margaret Walton  
Salem, Virginia



Letter G

Holly Munter  
Jericho, New York



Letter W

David Cairns  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada



Letter Y

Karen Abele  
Ridgewood, New York

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